

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Enter Montague, with Drum and Soldiers.*

*Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster.*

*Edw. Traiterous Montague, thou and thy brother  
Shall deerely abide this rebellious acte.*

*Exit.*

*Enter Clarence with Drum and Soldiers.*

*War. And loe where George of Clarence sweepes along,  
Of power enough to bid his brother battaile.*

*Cla. Clarence, Clarence, for Lancaster.*

*Edw. Et tu Brute, wilt thou stab Caesar too?  
A parlie firra, to George of Clarence.*

*Sound a parlie, and Richard and Clarence whisper together, and then  
Clarence takes his red Rose out of his Hat, & throwes it at Warwick.*

*War. Come Clarence, come, thou wilt if Warwick call.*

*Cla. Father of Warwick, know you what this meanes?  
I throw mine infamy at thee,  
I will not ruinate my fathers house,  
(Who gaue his blood to lime the stones together)  
And set vp Lancaster. Thinkest thou,  
That Clarence is so harsh vnnaturall,  
To lift his sword against his brothers life,  
And so proud hearted Warwick I defie thee,  
And to my brothers turne my blushing cheekes,  
Pardon me Edward, for I haue done amisse,  
And Richard do not frowne vpon me.  
For henceforth I will proue no more vnconstant.*

*Edw. Welcome Clarence, and ten times more welcome,  
Then if thou neuer hadst deseru'd our hate.*

*Glo. Welcome good Clarence, this is brotherly.*

*War. Oh passing traitor, periur'd and vniust.*

*Edw. Now Warwick, wilt thou leaue  
The towne and fight? or shall we beate the  
Stones about thine eares?*

*War. Why I am not coopt vp heere for defence,  
I will away to Barnet presently,*

*And*

*of Torke and Lancaster.*

*And bid thee battaile, Edward if thou dar'st.*

*Edw. Yes Warwick he dares, and leades the way,  
Lords to the field, Saint George and victory.*

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Alarmer, and then enter Warwick wounded.*

*War. Ah, who is nie? Come to me friend or foe,*

*And tell me who is victor, Torke or Warwick?*

*Why aske I that? my mangled body shewes,*

*That I must yeeld my body to the earth.*

*And by my fall the conquest to my foes,*

*Thus yeelds the Cedar to the axes edge,*

*Whose armes gaue shelter to the princely Eagle,*

*Vnder whose shade the rampant Lyon slept,*

*Whose top branch ouer-peerd Ioues spreading tree,*

*The wrinkles in my browes now fill with blood,*

*Were likened oft to kingly sepulchers.*

*For who liu'd king, but I could dig his graue?*

*And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow?*

*Loe now my glory smeard in dust and blood,*

*My parkes, my walkes, my mannors that I had,*

*Euen now forsake me, and of all my Lands,*

*Is nothing left me but my bodies length.*

*Enter Oxford and Somerset.*

*Oxf. Ah Warwick, Warwick, cheere vp thy selfe and liue,  
For yet there's hope enough to win the day.*

*Our warlike Queene with troopes is come from France,*

*And at South-hampton landed all her traine,*

*And mightst thou liue, then would we neuer flie.*

*War. Why then I would not flie, nor haue I now,*

*But Hercules himselfe must yeeld to ods,*

*For many wounds receiu'd, and many more repaide,*

*Hath robd my strong knit sinewes of their strength,*

*And spite of spites needs must I yeeld to death.*

*Som. Thy brother Montague hath breath'd his last,*

*And*

